The First Bite

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The First Bite

by house_of_lantis

Summary

All Will wanted was to drink some whiskey and get laid, so how did he end up being chased around the world by a different kind of lovelorn predator?

Notes

Author's Note 1: Takes place pre-canon, just after Will was injured in the line of duty as a police officer in New Orleans. Also, all of the French is from my high school memory and Google translate, so please excuse me if the French is absolutely awful and wrong.

Author's Note 2: This fic is tagged as rape/noncon because Hannibal bites Will without his consent the first time; and Will did not know that Hannibal was a vampire until it was too late and could not stop him. There is no sexual abuse or rape between any characters. The sex between Hannibal and Will is consensual.

Lafitte's Blacksmith Shop Bar

941 Bourbon Street

New Orleans, Louisiana

Lafitte's was on the corner of Bourbon and St. Philip and one of the oldest bars in the US. It wasn't much to look at for a "historical" landmark, with it's shabby brick and stone exterior and it's lack of electricity inside. The center of the main room was taken up by a large smithy, converted into a fireplace. Local folklore said that Jean Lafitte's ghost haunted the bar, cursed until his buried pirate treasure was found; and that if a person stared into the fireplace, a pair of red eyes would be looking back. There was an old upright piano in the corner being played by a local jazz musician and tea candles in small glass jars on the few tables occupied by locals and tourists alike. It was the kind of lowkey place that Will could be left alone to have a couple of drinks before heading out into the more raucous parts of the French Quarter.

Will liked the dark ambiance of Lafitte's and he liked the cheap whiskey. His shoulder still ached and he hoped that the alcohol would numb the pain enough so that he could hook up with someone for the night. The police department had finally cut him loose after that botched incident with the knife-wielding serial rapist and Will was more than happy to get drunk to celebrate being jobless. He always thought that law enforcement was the only career that made sense. And he wasn't the only beat cop who couldn't shoot an armed suspect. His psych eval suggested that he was the real danger, that he couldn't protect himself, so they asked him to retire quietly. The benefits were good, though. Hazard pay for getting injured while on duty and his early out pension gave him a financial safety net. He was thinking about applying to George Washington University's grad school for forensic science; that moving up north for a change of scenery might do him a world of good.

He was on his second glass when a dark figure moved into his periphery. He took a sip and flicked his eyes up to see who was standing near him.

"May I join you?" The faceless man said, his voice low and rolling with the accent of a European tourist.

Will squinted his eyes in the dark, trying to get a look at the man, and then gently kicked the leg of the chair beside him, pushing it out in invitation. "Sure, have a seat. You can have the table in a minute, I'm almost finished with my drink."

“Thank you, but please don’t leave on my account,” he said, sitting down and leaning closer to the dying candle on the table. There was just enough light for Will to see the man’s face, pale and shadowed with sharp angles, his eyes dark and glittering red from the candlelight. Will thought it was the trick of the light that made the man’s face look like a skull.

Will wasn’t sociable on his best day, but he didn’t need to be rude. “Are you here to tour the city?”

The man smiled, pleasantly, and Will thought he was handsome. He dropped his eyes to the opened neck of his white dress shirt, the long sleeves folded neatly back to the elbows. His bare arms looked thick and strong and his hands large, nails trimmed and manicured. His hair was short and parted on the side, perfectly brushed back. He wasn’t a local and he definitely wasn’t the kind of tourist to visit Lafitte’s.

“I am always drawn back to this city and have traveled here multiple times over the years,” the man said, softly. “I admit that I have developed a certain taste for the local cuisine.”

Will sipped his drink, letting the oaky flavor flow over his tongue before swallowing. He listened to the man’s words, which were innocuous enough, but there was something in his tone - the amused superiority of a predator mingling with the prey because it made the hunt that much more entertaining - that grated on Will’s nerves. He scowled into his glass, thinking that the man was slumming and looking to fuck around with a local, and he’d picked Will.

“You don’t seem to be the type to hang out in a place like this,” Will said, leaning back in his chair to look the man over. He looked older than Will, maybe late 30s or early 40s, wealthy, and probably a lawyer or a doctor or a banker. Will bet that the man was a doctor, he had that air of entitlement about him that men in the medical field tended towards - narcissistic and godlike.

“I am curious where you might see me instead.”

Will finished his drink, putting the glass on the table and getting to his feet. He wasn’t prey and he didn’t get involved with assholes, and this guy was a high calibre asshole.

“The bartender’s name is Robert; and if you ask him politely, he’ll pour you a glass of their best top shelf port. Have a nice visit.”

Will stepped out of the bar on the Bourbon Street side, feeling buzzed and warmed from the whiskey. On this end of the street, it was quieter, more residential than commercial, and the sidewalk free of tourists looking to party. He rubbed his aching right shoulder with his left hand, pressing against the healed knife wound.

“May I walk with you?”

He startled, turning quickly to see the man from the bar behind him. “Look, it’s late. Why don’t you just tell me what you want?”

“I would like the pleasure of your company,” he murmured, stepping closer. “And perhaps a nightcap.”

Will took his measure of the man, knowing that he wasn’t someone that Will should get tangled up with. But he was obviously interested in Will and hooking up with him would be convenient enough, saving Will from having to venture towards the drunken revelers.

“Where you staying?”

The man stepped closer towards him, eyes glittering from the dim light of the lamp post. “I am renting a private residence, not far from here, on Calle Real.”

“You call it by it’s original street name,” Will said, staring at him. “Royal Street.”

Hannibal grinned and Will noticed that his upper canine teeth looked sharp. “Ahhh...of course. I have an enduring love and appreciation for this city’s long history. *Nueva Orleans era la capital de la provincia española cuando era más joven* .”

“All right,” he said, shaking his head. “I’m Will.”

“Hannibal. A pleasure to meet you, Will.” He held out his hand towards Will, his body turned back towards St. Philip Street. “Shall we?”

Will knew better, but he took Hannibal’s hand anyway.

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Will couldn’t remember a time when someone wanted him as passionately as Hannibal. As soon as Will entered the lovely house on Royal Street, Hannibal had pressed against his back, long arms wrapped around him as cool lips found his neck. Will leaned back against Hannibal’s chest, closing his eyes and gasping as Hannibal nipped playfully at his earlobe.

“You smell delectable,” Hannibal said, against Will’s ear. “I cannot wait to taste all of you.”

“Bedroom,” Will said, turning around in Hannibal’s arms to press his hard cock against Hannibal’s hip as Hannibal lapped at his neck.

He didn’t remember how they made it to the bedroom, but Will quickly found himself stripped out of his clothes and pushed onto the bed, Hannibal’s naked body covering him. Will stroked his hands over Hannibal’s shoulders and down his back as Hannibal licked and kissed his neck. Hannibal’s skin was soft and smooth, unusually cool to the touch, but Will felt overheated enough for the both of them and he luxuriated under Hannibal’s firm weight. He grabbed a handful of Hannibal’s short ash brown hair and pulled him off of his neck, wanting a kiss.

Hannibal obliged, soothing him with a long kiss, his tongue slipping into Will’s mouth. Will moaned, loudly, the whiskey buzzing through his system and making him feel lightheaded with pleasure. It was a pretty perfect kiss, not too wet, not too sloppy, and not too aggressive.

“Come on,” Will pleaded, arching against Hannibal, needing more.

Hannibal smiled, his long bangs hanging into his eyes. “Beautiful boy...you cannot possibly comprehend how much I want to feast on you.”

Will let out an amused sound. “Well, by all means, feast away.”

That seemed to have unlocked something within Hannibal. The smile and look in his eyes changed from sultry desire to hunger and need. He kissed Will hard, roughly, growling against his mouth. Will caught his breath when Hannibal sucked on his neck, nipping him with his teeth.

“Not so hard,” Will said, excited by the danger.

Hannibal kissed across his chest, tonguing his nipples and sucking on them until they were flushed a dark pink and over-sensitized. Will stroked his hands through Hannibal’s soft hair, watching as Hannibal kissed gently down his stomach, strong hands touching him with an expertise and sensual confidence that Will was pleased to receive.

When his wet mouth slid down the length of his cock, Will groaned and trembled, pressing his head into the pillow. Hannibal sucked on the head, long tongue teasing around the sensitive glands, and Will reached down with both hands to grab his head, needing to ground himself as Hannibal took him deep into his throat, swallowing around him as his tongue stroked along the shaft.

“Jesus, you’ll make me come if you keep that up,” Will mumbled, panting.

Hannibal opened his eyes and met Will’s gaze, pulling his mouth off of his cock. He wrapped his hand around the base, stroking him teasingly as he kissed along Will’s inner thigh. He nipped lightly, playfully, and Will chuckled.

“Figures you like biting and marking,” he murmured, watching as Hannibal pushed apart Will’s legs, curling his right leg over Hannibal’s shoulder as he continued to lick and kiss against the muscle, his hand working Will’s cock with a firm, slow stroke.

“An unfortunate flaw of my selective nature. When I find the perfect lover, I am exceedingly possessive,” Hannibal said, pressing gentle kisses over Will’s thigh and hip. He nipped the skin with his blunt teeth and Will chuckled, stroking the palm of his hand along Hannibal’s cheek.

Will watched as Hannibal kissed along his lower belly, pressing his nose against Will’s pubes, inhaling deeply.

“Did you just smell me?”

“You are so very tempting, Will.”

Hannibal made a low sound in his throat and turned his eyes to watch Will, his lips pressed firmly against Will’s thigh.

The pain didn’t register at first and Will barely managed to suck in a breath to be able to shout out his pain and shock as Hannibal bit him on his thigh. The bite felt like the burn of ice, and then fire raced through his veins.

“What --” Will screamed, struggling to pull his leg away. “Hannibal!”

Hannibal held Will’s leg in place with his left arm, his right hand reaching up to cover Will’s mouth, holding him down on the bed with a strength that was incomprehensible. Will stared at him with wide eyes, trying to pull away from Hannibal’s teeth, seeing a rivulet of blood leaking past Hannibal’s lips and down to Will’s groin. He clawed at Hannibal’s hand, trying to pull it away from his face. He flailed against Hannibal’s weight, trying to kick him off, but he was feeling dazed and lightheaded, and his arms and legs felt like they were being held down by invisible weights.

He screamed his helpless fury and his growing fear against Hannibal's hand when he felt Hannibal's teeth bite into him again, sucking against the wound. Was he drinking Will's blood? Why would he do that?

Will stopped struggling, breathing harshly through his nose, trying to keep his brain oxygenated to remain conscious. He stared at the ceiling, his body jerking against Hannibal. The initial shock of pain was manageable now, and he focused on just staying alert, waiting for Hannibal to stop.

"You have spoiled my palate for anyone else, my darling," Hannibal murmured, licking the wounds on his thighs with the flat of his tongue. He gently released Will and knelt over him, smiling triumphantly as he wiped his blood-smeared mouth with the back of his hand, and then licked the blood off his skin.

Will pressed his hand against his sore thigh, fingertips slowly finding the four puncture wounds. The effort cost him and Will's arms flopped to the bed. "You're a sick asshole."

"I cannot abide such rude language, my darling, but I will let it go this once because of the shock of your experience."

"What have you done to me?" He said, trying to move, trying to get off the bed.

"The properties of my saliva have a mild paralytic effect during the bite," Hannibal explained, moving closer to Will and sliding his body over his.

"I can't move!" Will said, accusatory.

"I said that it was mild," Hannibal said, soothingly. "Do not be afraid, Will. The first bite is always the most painful, but I promise you nothing but pleasure now."

Will whimpered, feeling Hannibal's mouth against his neck. He winced when he felt Hannibal's bite; the pain wasn't as intense and as he sucked and pulled the blood from the

wounds, a warm lassitude filled Will. He inhaled sharply when that warmth transformed to pleasure that oozed throughout his entire body like sweet syrup.

“Ohhhhh...too much,” Will whispered, his brain throbbing with unexpected pleasure. He couldn’t process it, couldn’t string together enough words to explain what was happening to him and what he was feeling. Everything was so clear through the waves of pleasure that he was drowning in. “Too much.”

Hannibal purred, drinking greedily, his hands stroking Will’s arms and his side, touching him everywhere.

Will tried to push Hannibal off of him, but his arms and legs still felt so heavy, his body a disconnected burden of flesh, and his mind bursting like fireworks.

“Hannibal,” he murmured, letting himself sink deeper into the pleasure.

The dull ache receded as Hannibal made a wet sound, releasing the flesh of his neck with his sharp teeth.

“I have never tasted flavors such as yours,” Hannibal said, his voice husky and full of strength, stolen from Will through his blood.

“Don’t...don’t take more…I’m dying...” he whispered, feeling desperate and vulnerable. How absolutely stupid of him to ignore all the signs that he should’ve stayed away from Hannibal. Of all the ways that Will could’ve died, this was definitely the most ignoble. He could imagine what his former colleagues would say when they found his dead body.

“I could feed on you to the end of time.”

Will blinked slowly as Hannibal smiled down at him, his mouth and teeth covered with blood. He mewled, turning his face against the damp pillow, trembling from shock. He felt Hannibal’s now warm hand sliding over his head, petting him gently.

“It would be such a shame to kill you.”

Will opened his mouth, trying to drag in more air into his lungs, as his heavy body sank into the soft mattress. He couldn’t keep his eyes opened, his eyelids spasming uncontrollably, and he heaved the last of his strength to slide away, knowing that it was fruitless and that there was no escape. The last thing he saw before darkness took him was the ecstatic look on Hannibal’s face as he raised his own wrist to his mouth, biting it savagely. He pressed his bloody wrist against Will’s mouth.

Will flinched away, squeezing his eyes shut. “No…”

Hannibal grabbed a handful of his hair and jerked his head back, forcing a gasp from Will, opening his mouth and tasting Hannibal’s blood. He choked on it, coughing as it flowed into his mouth, the iron tang on his tongue making his stomach roil in protest. But Hannibal held him still and didn’t let Will pull away, until blood filled his mouth and he had no choice but to swallow it down.

“Drink, my darling boy, drink…”

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Cafe de la Rotonde

105 Boulevard du Montparnasse

Paris, France

He ran away from Hannibal, from his old life in New Orleans, from the truth of things, moving from city to city, paying cash, and never staying in one place for more than just a couple of days. He ran across the country, traveling during the day and hiding in public places, and catching only an hour or two of sleep whenever he felt safe enough to do so. All of his dreams were of Hannibal, kissing him, touching him, biting him. There was hunger and desire and blood. Always blood. He couldn’t stand being around people; it was like he could scent their blood in the air and it made his mouth water as his stomach flipped in disgust.

But no matter where he went, he could feel Hannibal's presence in his mind, a pressure that built up behind his eyes and made his ears pop -- a pressure that was only relieved when Hannibal touched him.

"You can run all you like, my darling," Hannibal murmured, pressing chaste kisses on Will's lips, pinning him against a brick wall in an alleyway in downtown Austin. "But I will always know where you are."

When he woke up alive in Hannibal's bed that next day in New Orleans, tangled in blood-soaked sheets, his neck and thigh aching, he was relieved that he was alone. He dressed quickly and washed his face, staring at the marks on his neck in the mirror. There were two small holes, which had already started healing, and an impression of Hannibal's blunt teeth on his bruised skin. It hadn't made any sense, what the holes on his neck meant; disbelief and incredulity filled his mind as he ran out of the house on Royal Street. Will decided to just forget his encounter with Hannibal, chalking it up as the worst one night stand with some Anne Rice vampire wannabe.

Will slept for nearly 48-hours straight and woke up thirsty and hungry, ravenous for *something* that he didn't know how to name. He ate and drank but nothing satisfied him; it all tasted bland and dull. The only thing that held any taste was whiskey. Will curled up on his sofa, the TV turned on low, and drank himself into a stupor. Whatever it was, it felt like he had the flu.

For the next week, the local news was overrun with reports of a series of mysterious murders. A dozen young men with brown hair and blue eyes, men who resembled Will, were drained of blood with puncture marks on their necks, their naked bodies displayed in artful poses throughout the French Quarter. The superstitious locals named the serial killer the Bloodsucker; but Will saw Hannibal's design: they were a declaration and a warning, macabre love letters to him.

"Do you see, my darling? Come to me."

For months, Will ran, and wherever he stopped, he saw Hannibal, sitting casually in a booth in a diner and chatting politely to his waitress; a few tables away in a library flipping through

a glossy foodie magazine; in the next section on a train conversing with his seat partner. It was an endless game of cat and mouse, predator and prey, that drove Will to near madness.

"Stop playing with me! Just kill me and get it over with or leave me the fuck alone!"

"My compassion for you is inconvenient but limitless. Run, little wolf, if you feel you must but the chase will never end until you accept the truth."

"And what truth is that? That you'll make me a monster like you!"

"That you are my beloved."

Will took the first flight from San Francisco to Paris and landed at Orly Airport with only the clothes on his back and his passport. He took the bus into the city, dropping him off near the infamous Paris catacombs, and made his way to a nearby sidewalk cafe, exhausted and hungry.

His French was passable enough to order the penne rigate and a large coffee. He reached into his jacket pocket and pulled out three small bottles of whiskey that he'd purchased on the flight over, and poured all of them into his coffee before taking a sip. He reached into his other pocket and pulled out a nearly empty bottle of aspirin, popping three white tablets into his mouth with a whiskey coffee chaser. He closed his eyes and leaned his head back, imagining the comforting feel of stepping into a cool river stream.

"May I recommend the Armagnac prunes de Gelas for dessert?" Hannibal said, lightly, as Will gasped and opened his eyes, staring at the man sitting across from him. "Good evening, Will. How tired you must be from your travels. I have taken the liberty of opening my city residence for us."

Will sighed defeatedly, taking several gulps of whiskey and coffee, the throbbing pain of his headache lessening with Hannibal's nearness. "I don't even know why I keep running. You always find me."

“Hmm...our bond since our shared evening in New Orleans has only deepened,” Hannibal acknowledged with a small grin. “I must admit that I am quite at a loss as well. It has never happened before.”

Before Will ...all the other people that Hannibal fed from and killed.

He winced, glaring at Hannibal. “One doesn’t make friends with the food.”

Hannibal chuckled, meeting his eyes. “One does not...but you are not merely food.”

The waiter brought out the large plate of pasta and Will ate voraciously, ignoring Hannibal as he chatted with the waiter, his French more than just passable. Will ate through his pasta, glancing up now and then at Hannibal.

“You will make yourself ill by gorging on your meal,” Hannibal said, sensibly.

Will rolled his eyes, chewing quickly and swallowing. “Passing down life lessons?”

“One should always take the time to enjoy each bite,” Hannibal said, smiling. Will caught a glimpse of his sharp fangs and looked away. “You will soon develop your own palate and discover each unique flavor available to you.”

“You can’t make me into...whatever you are, Hannibal. I’m more than just a set of your influences. I’m not a product of your horror.”

“You know exactly what I am,” Hannibal said, holding his eyes. “And what you are becoming. Every time you take my blood, you will change.”

“You’re evil,” he whispered, shoveling another forkful of pasta into his mouth.

“Because I kill and eat to survive? Is a lion evil for killing and eating a zebra? Is the farmer who hand raises and loves the lamb evil for slaughtering it? Or is it simply part of nature.”

Will took another sip of his whiskey coffee. “You’re evil because you play with your food, Hannibal.”

He watched as Hannibal gave him a fond look, a little shrug of his shoulder. “When you have lived for as long as I have, my darling, you will desire a little artistry in your meals.”

“I don’t want to be...you,” Will said, finishing the pasta and leaving his fork in the empty dish. He let out a deep breath, still hungry. He stared at Hannibal’s neck, just above the collar of his shirt, and licked his lips.

“Nor do I wish you to be. You are entirely unpredictable and I only desire to witness your becoming. You will be nothing less than magnificent.”

He scoffed. “And what if what I become is disappointing?”

“I am not entirely sure that that is possible.”

Will stared at Hannibal, so effortlessly elegant in his three-piece suit, unaffected by the muggy Parisian summer evening. He looked perfectly human, this blood-drinking creature, but Will saw through Hannibal’s exquisite person suit. Underneath was a savage killer, ruthlessly gorging himself on humanity as the true apex predator.

Hannibal smiled at Will, raising his hand to signal for the waiter for the check. “I can tell that you are still hungry. I am happy to provide dessert at home.”

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Hannibal Lecter’s Residence

Hannibal's residence was located somewhere in the 16th arrondissement Auteuil neighborhood with a private drive along a tree-lined street. The taxi dropped them in front of the gate and Hannibal paid for the fare as Will stood on the street, looking around the quiet neighborhood.

"You live here alone?"

Hannibal placed his hand on Will's lower back, guiding him towards the gate. He pressed a five-digit code on the control box, showing Will the combination of numbers, and the gate slid open, discreet automatic lights turning on to light a path from the gate to the house.

"I have two servants who live here year round under my protection, but I am not always in residence in Paris." Hannibal pressed close against Will's side, brushing his nose against Will's ear.

Will snorted. "Servants. Do they know what you are?"

"Of course," he said, taking Will's hand and leading him towards the front steps to the double glass doors. "They have been long-time loyal members of my staff, several of them have been with me for decades."

Hannibal opened the door and waited for Will to enter first. More automatic lights turned on inside the house as Will stepped into the entrance way, looking around at the beautiful artwork and fresh flowers in crystal vases.

"It's a big house," Will said, taking it all in. "Lot of windows. Aren't you afraid of getting burned up by the sunlight?"

Hannibal smiled, stepping closer to Will, his hands framing Will's shoulders, caressing his back. "I am not a vampire, Will. My nature requires that I feed on human blood and gives me superior health, strength, and longevity. Sunlight will not kill me; and neither a cross nor a stake through the heart or garlic will harm me."

“So how can you be killed?”

He chuckled, cupping Will’s face with his palms. “You cannot believe that I would share my weaknesses with you.”

“You never told me anything about you.”

“Because you were not ready to know me,” Hannibal said, stroking his thumb across Will’s scruffy cheek.

Will tilted his chin and pressed his lips against Hannibal’s mouth, kissing him softly. He wrapped his arms around Hannibal’s back and made a pleased sound when Hannibal held him close, one hand sliding into Will’s hair, the other smoothing over Will’s ass.

“Don’t hurt me this time. I didn’t like it,” he said, tilting his head back so that Hannibal could kiss along his neck.

“Never again, my darling boy.”

“Okay, show me how we get to the bedroom in this place.”

Hannibal smiled, kissing him again, slowly, taking his time. He led Will up another set of stairs and pressed the up button.

“Your house has an elevator.”

The elevator door slid open discreetly and Hannibal took Will’s hand, pulling him inside the surprisingly roomy elevator. He pressed the number 4 and then pressed Will against the

elevator wall, kissing him deeply. Will sank against Hannibal and let out a soft gasp when he felt Hannibal's sharp teeth pinch his neck, taking a hard suck and swallowing noiselessly.

True to his word, there wasn't a lot of pain, not like that night in New Orleans. Instead, Will felt languid, like he was just a little drunk, his brain flooding with pleasure.

"Mmmm...it's a good thing you have that 'superior strength' because I don't think I can walk," Will said, chuckling softly.

From one breath to the next, Will stripped naked and sprawled on top of the biggest bed he'd ever seen. He turned his head to watch as Hannibal peeled out of his clothes, taking his time and neatly folding every piece of clothing that he took off. Will rolled onto his side, enjoying the performance.

"You're showing off," Will accused, unable to take his eyes off of Hannibal.

With each layer that Hannibal took off, Will thought that he was getting to finally see Hannibal clearer. Will wondered how old he was and how much of the human Hannibal remained unchanged through the years.

Hannibal sat on the edge of the massive bed and leaned down to kiss Will, a soft rumbling sound of pleasure vibrating against his chest. Will sighed into the kiss, turning on his back and pulling Hannibal down over him.

"Where would you like for me to bite you?"

Will stared up at him. "Do I get to choose where I bite *you* ?"

Hannibal grinned. "Yes."

All those weeks that Will was on the run from Hannibal, there were times when Will considered where he'd bite Hannibal if he had the chance, mostly to cause him pain in payback. But then he remembered the intense pleasure and the unfiltered dreams of being wrapped in Hannibal's arms, and Will fantasized about holding Hannibal down and biting him for their mutual pleasure; to drink from him and to learn his essence.

Will swallowed and slipped his fingers down his body, pressing against the fading marks on his inner thigh. "Here…but suck me off first and make me come. Then bite me here, where you bit me the first time."

Hannibal chuckled darkly and kissed him chastely on the mouth, licking at his bottom lip and nipping it with his blunt teeth.

"My first mark on your flesh," Hannibal said, kissing down Will's neck and licking the small nipples. Will was still wary and just a little scared, but he was turned on and curious what Hannibal would do to him.

There was something erotically charged, watching Hannibal lick the hard shaft of his cock. Hannibal smirked knowingly as he dragged the edge along the side, not hard enough to hurt but to ensure that Will would never forget the sharp fangs in Hannibal's mouth. Maybe, someday, Will would ask Hannibal to bite him on his cock, his imagination opening to the idea of darker sexual play.

Hannibal didn't tease him, wrapping his lips fully over the head, and sucking in long, rhythmic pulls as the tip of his tongue tickled the sensitive spot just under the head. Will gripped the bedding under his hands and thrusted his hips mindlessly as Hannibal relaxed the back of his throat, making deliciously depraved wet choking sounds.

Will closed his eyes and panted breathlessly, moving one hand to clasp Hannibal's hair as he arched his back, pressing his cock as deep inside Hannibal's mouth and throat, coming desperately. He groaned as Hannibal swallowed around him, sucking the come out of him, and releasing his cock to bite into the meat of Will's inner thigh, quick like a snake striking its prey.

He felt like he was coming a second time and a third time, just waves of ecstasy rolling through him as Hannibal sucked noisily against his thigh. Will lifted his head and stared

down at Hannibal, watching as he drank from him, and a part of him wanted to giggle at the irony of what a messy eater the elegant Hannibal was.

They both fell against the bed, Will exhausted from the pleasure and Hannibal full from the blood. Will sighed, looking down Hannibal's body. He was well-formed with wide shoulders and strong arms. His chest was broad and lightly carpeted with light brown chest hair. He was fit and healthy but not overly muscled; Will liked seeing his trim waist and soft belly. The same light brown hair led a trail to his pubes, his cock was hard now and flushed a deep rose, the foreskin pulled down to reveal the thick head.

Will wasn't selfish in bed and he slithered down the mattress so that he could get Hannibal's cock into his mouth. It was a tight fit and there was no way that Will could deep throat him, but he liked the weight and the width of the cock head inside his mouth and suckled on it, flicking his eyes up to see Hannibal staring down at him, mouth covered with Will's blood, and eyes glittering red. He realized that Hannibal didn't need to breathe and he wasn't panting, but Hannibal made a throaty moan as Will sucked, teasing the head with his tongue over the wet glans.

He watched as Hannibal sank back onto the bed, his eyes closing as he licked the blood around his mouth, savoring the taste of it as Will got him off.

"Yes, my darling boy, yes," Hannibal murmured encouragingly, sliding his fingers through Will's hair and holding his head gently. "Just a little harder; do not be afraid to use your teeth."

Will bit down gently on the thick cock and Hannibal rumbled out a groan, coming into Will's mouth. There was just a small amount of come that didn't taste of anything, and Will quickly swallowed it down, teasing Hannibal by sucking softly, pleased with the way that Hannibal shuddered through his pleasure.

He dropped beside Hannibal on the bed, on his belly, looking at him thoughtfully. "Is drinking blood better than sex?"

Hannibal chuckled, reaching out to take Will's hand. "The pleasure is intense in its unique way."

“Do you want to fuck me? You didn’t, that first night.”

Hannibal turned to look at him, his angular face flushed with the blood coursing through him, his expression one of satiation and fondness. “I need blood in order to achieve an erection, so if penetrative sexual intercourse is something you desire, Will, that is all that I need to see to your needs.”

Will choked on his laugh, pressing his face into the sheets. “Erection. Penetrative sexual intercourse. Your pillow talk needs work, Hannibal.”

Hannibal moved over him, covering Will’s back with his warm weight. He kissed the back of Will’s neck and nibbled on his earlobe. “If you want me to fuck you, dear boy, then just ask. I am more than happy to fuck you with my hard cock while I bite your neck and take your blood.”

He shivered and closed his eyes, smiling against the sheets. “Okay, that’s better. Maybe next time. I could sleep for days.”

“Stay with me,” Hannibal whispered, kissing Will’s shoulder.

“Yeah, okay,” he mumbled, yawning against the bed, falling asleep as Hannibal murmured against his skin.

***

Later, Hannibal woke him up in the early hours of the pre-dawn, wrapping him up in a silky soft blanket and taking him to the rooftop balcony to watch the sunrise. Will sleepily curled next to Hannibal on the comfortable patio sofa, and looked out at the Parisian skyline, the top of the Eiffel Tower visible in the distance, and the sun rising just beyond it. It was beautiful and so cheesy romantic, he laughed against Hannibal’s chest.

“So what’s your real name?”

“My real name is Hannibal. Count Hannibal Lecter, the eighth. Lithuanian by birth.”

“That explains the accent. Well, it’s nice to finally meet you, Count Lecter. I’m William Graham, from Baton Rouge, Louisiana.”

Hannibal ran his hand through Will’s hair, stroking his head. “Hello, William, the pleasure is mine.”

Will laughed, sitting up and making a face. “You have a taste for local cuisine!”

“There was nothing in that statement that was untrue.” Hannibal said, a pleased smile forming on his lips. “New Orleans is one of my favorite old cities and I have always enjoyed the unique flavors of the Creole and Cajun people.”

“Do you have family? Are they all like you?”

“Not all of my family are like me, no,” he said, carefully. “The Lecter line, through my father, is human and I do have a few surviving family members, though we are not close. The title is inherited on my father’s side, but it is my mother’s bloodline, the Sforzas, that carries the gene. My mother, Simonetta, is still alive and has been mourning the loss of her husband, my father, for nearly 80 years. He was killed in 1941. I was just a boy then, a fledgling.”

“Does she live in Lithuania?”

“My mother resides with her family in Milan,” Hannibal said, a faraway look in his eyes. “Perhaps you would like to visit Italy with me? And my ancestral home in Lithuania?”

Will chuckled, shaking his head. “Kind of early to be introducing me to your mother.”

“What about you? Do you have family?”

“Dad passed on years ago and I never knew my mother. It’s just been me for a long time.”

“Would you like a family of your own someday, Will?”

He gave Hannibal a long look. “I don’t know how I feel about you biting a little kid and turning them to...your nature.”

“I would *never* harm a child,” he said, roughly. Will sensed something painful in his voice; something that he hadn’t ever recovered from. Something in his past; maybe someone Hannibal once loved deeply. A younger sibling? Or maybe his own child? Will decided that it wasn’t the right time to pursue it.

“How old are you?”

“Such an impertinent boy, to ask a personal question after a mere introduction,” Hannibal said, his voice low and teasing.

“You’ve had my cock in your mouth, I think I can ask you how old you are,” he said, laughing softly.

“I am still young, by the standards of those of my nature, just 134-years old.”

Will frowned, biting on his lower lip. “You look like you’re in your late 30s.”

“I am not immortal; the degenerative nature of my flesh has merely slowed.”

“So you have all the strengths of a vampire but none of the weaknesses?”

Hannibal made a face of disapproval and stroked Will’s cheek. “Again, my darling boy, I am not a vampire or any such fictional creature. There is no label for what I am, only that my kind exists in parallel with the rest of humanity.”

“And I’m going to be...like your nature at some point.”

“It takes time, but yes, it is my most ardent wish,” Hannibal murmured, kissing Will on the lips.

As much as Will found Hannibal charming, he couldn’t understand why Hannibal even wanted him. “But how did you know that...that I was what you wanted?”

“I was mesmerized by you.”

“Come on, you didn’t even know what I looked like. The bar was pretty dark.”

Hannibal wrapped his arm behind Will’s shoulders, holding him close. “That was not the first night I saw you. I had read about you in the local papers when I first arrived in the city. The press were very kind to you, but the police department treated you rather unfairly, in my estimation.”

Will frowned, trying to move away from Hannibal, but his arm was like an iron band, keeping him in place. “Great, yeah, you read about my getting stabbed and how the department drummed me out into early retirement. Easy pickings, right?”

“No, that was not the reason why I was mesmerized,” Hannibal said, softly. “I was out hunting the night that you were stabbed. I remembered the scent of your blood. It called to me. The night that I met you at Lafitte’s, I was not expecting to take you to bed. I thought we could be social, but you were obviously desiring of an anonymous sexual encounter, so when the opportunity presented itself, I could not resist a taste.”

Will sighed, pressing his hand on his face, and shaking his head. “Stalking and nonconsensual biting and killing people who resemble me to get my attention isn’t legal, you know.”

“I admit that it was impulsive of me,” Hannibal said, ruefully. “However, I do not feel any regret for having you in my arms now.” He met Will’s eyes and Will read the truth when he looked at Hannibal. What scared Will the most was that he wasn’t afraid of Hannibal; he wasn’t afraid of *becoming* whatever it was that he was. “Despite how we came to be here, the outcome would have been the same. We are bound together by something far greater than just blood.”

“You can’t morally justify what did you and then chase me halfway around the world because you like the taste of my blood and have a crush on me!”

“It is a little more than a crush, William!”

“You do remember that I was a cop before all this, right? A good portion of my adult life was dedicated to helping people and it’s not something that I can just shut off just because I don’t have a badge anymore. I can accept that this is your nature -- “

“And soon to be yours.”

“-- yeah, okay, soon to be my nature but...there’s got to be another way than to just randomly kill people to drink their blood,” he said, frowning deeply. “Do you have to kill people to survive? You didn’t kill me. Can you just take a little blood? Or even better, can you drink donated blood? Or the blood of animals -- “

“Will!” Hannibal shouted, staring at him in what looked like horror and disgust.

“I’m just trying to make sense of it, Hannibal. You’ve had...I don’t know...a century and change doing this, but I...I can barely wrap my mind around it. Cut me some slack here.”

“My darling boy, come on a hunt with me tonight. Let me help you see what you are capable of.”

Will sighed, rubbing the new marks on his inner thigh. “I know what I’m capable of, Hannibal.”

“Do you fear that if you were to give in to your instincts, you will enjoy it?”

“I could’ve taken the shot on that guy,” he said, sitting back on the sofa and staring up at the beautiful morning sky. “I drew my gun and I could’ve killed him and I would’ve been heralded a hero for taking him down. No one would’ve questioned it.” He met Hannibal’s eyes and gave him a small, sad grin. “And I would’ve liked it, feeling righteous. Powerful.”

“Like God,” Hannibal whispered, stroking his hand over Will’s neck. “Hunt with me tonight.”

“What if I can’t come back from that? What if I unleash something even worse?”

“Then I would be honored to stand witness.”

“Shit, Hannibal, don’t say that to me. It makes me feel…”

“Worthy?”

“Inadequate.”

Hannibal leaned towards him, slowly, and kissed him. “Never.”

“What if I can’t kill? Is it too late for me? Has the change spread too deep?”

“Blood is life. It fills your belly and gives you life. The night I forced you to take my blood, the change had started. You may not remember, but I fed you three times that night.” Will gave him a hard look, scowling. “I was quite determined to ensure that the change would take.”

Will folded his knees up, his feet on the edge of the sofa, and he balanced his arms over his knees, staring at the city and away from Hannibal. A part of him was furious and would always be a little furious with Hannibal until one of them died.

“I didn’t want something like this,” he said, his throat tightening with emotion. “I can’t hunt with you yet, Hannibal. I’m not ready for that.”

“Stay with me in Paris,” Hannibal said, his hand curled behind Will’s ankle, thumb caressing the bone. “Let me teach you what it means to truly live; to see the city through my eyes. I know you want to run again, Will, but stay with me for just a little while longer.”

He nodded, reaching up with the back of his hand to wipe the wetness from his eyes. He sniffled, feeling like he was saying goodbye to his old life, like it was the death of the old Will Graham. He wondered what he was giving up, that alternate reality he could’ve lived if he hadn’t crossed paths with Hannibal Lecter.

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Hannibal was a perfect companion: affectionate and close by when Will needed reassurance; generous with his home and his money, giving Will expensive gifts and taking him shopping. Will had money of his own and he sometimes felt stifled by Hannibal’s attention, so he often escaped the beautiful house to walk through Paris, exploring it on his own. One night, as he was returning from one of his walks, he stood at the gate and looked up at the house. It was architecturally beautiful, white stone and large windows, no hard edges but built with smooth elliptical curves. It reminded him of the ships that would come into the New Orleans port. The house looked like a cruise ship rising from the green grass, surrounded with trees and dark shrubbery, safely anchored on land.

“I got lost again on the third floor,” Will said, looking at Hannibal as they sat in the large kitchen while Will ate his dinner. “I had to go back to the elevator to look at the map.”

Hannibal chuckled as Francoise poured Will a glass of red wine. “It is a large house.”

“Did you know that it looks like a ship?”

“You have a very good eye,” Hannibal said, leaning his forearms down on top of the long table counter, pleased. “I worked with an ambitious young architect from Italy. She was just out of school, hungry for the chance to prove herself, and I wanted a sanctuary in the heart of the city.”

Francoise chuckled. “Ahhh, Stefania. She was just une petite écolière when she designed this house. You must invite her for dinner soon, Monsieur. Maybe she will design a small love nest for you and Will.” *[A little school girl]*

“I don’t need a house,” he said, snickering. “So why a ship?”

“We worked on it for a long time, creating a house that was in harmony with nature. Before the invention of air travel, I spent long weeks on large ships on the ocean, traveling here and there. I think I was feeling quite sentimental in the design of this house.”

Will smiled, chewing his food slowly, peeling back another new layer of Hannibal.

It was no surprise that Hannibal’s household ran in an exacting fashion, ruled by the two live-in servants, an older married couple named Francoise and Alain, who doted on Will and revered Hannibal. Will learned that they spoke several languages fluently, including English, but Will wanted to brush up on his high school French. They teased him mercilessly for his “regional” French accent, picked up from his dad from the old Louisiana country, and Hannibal helped him smooth out his proper grammar, especially in bed.

“This is unspeakable, Hannibal,” Will protested loudly as Hannibal and Alain forced Will into his new bespoke tuxedo. “I didn’t ask for this.”

“Pour l'amour de Dieu, mettez votre pied dans la chaussure, Will!” *[For God’s sake, put your foot in the shoe, Will!]*

Will scowled as Hannibal grinned at him in the mirror’s reflection, putting his black-socked foot into the polished dress shoe that Alain was holding in his hand.

“L'autre pied!” Alain demanded, flicking his fingers on Will’s knee. *[The other foot!]*

“So I’m to be tortured with two hours of caterwauling to music? What did I do to offend you, Hannibal? How can I make amends?” Will said, looking up at Hannibal as Alain helped him put the other equally polished shoe on.

“Four hours, my darling boy,” Hannibal said, fixing his bowtie. “There is a 15-minute intermission.”

“Four!”

“Je ne comprends pas comment quelqu'un si chéri se plaint autant que vous!” *[I don't understand how someone so darling complains as much as you do!]*

“Je ne suis pas une poupée,” Will said, drolly. He gave Hannibal the stink eye. *[I am not a doll.]*

Alain got to his feet, grumbling under his breath, and stared at Will. “You will go to the opera with Monsieur and you will be on your best behavior and you will not undo all the hard work that Francoise and I have done to you.”

“Opera! Hah!”

It really wasn't so bad. Hannibal knew the city like the back of his hand and often accompanied Will to all the tourist spots, standing patiently in long lines, surrounded by crowds of people. Hannibal took him to the Longchamp Racecourse and Will insisted on sitting in the cheap seats, jumping to his feet to cheer as Hannibal watched him with fond wonderment. One of their walks, they passed a dog park and Will endeared himself to the owners, getting a chance to run and play with the awesome dogs.

"Hey, can we adopt one?"

"Absolutely not," Hannibal said, taking Will's hand and leading him away. He wore a sad pout as he looked back at the lovely dogs, the owners greatly amused and chuckling softly.

Then there were the nights when Hannibal disappeared for a few hours, out on his hunt, and returning to bed after taking a long shower. Will's imagination ran rampant, wondering if Hannibal bit his victims like the way that he bit Will. Did he end their lives with a tidal wave of pleasure, sending them off their mortal coil with a moan of ecstasy?

Will was jealous, the more he thought about it.

"When are you going hunting again?"

"Tonight," Hannibal said, lips curving into a hidden smile. "Would you like to accompany me?"

"Yeah," he said, pressing his lips together and nodding sharply.

"I would like that so much, my darling."

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